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World War Poems

By M. Weldon Sowards

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World War Poems

Moses

BY M. WELDON SOWARDS,

Author of

"Delusions of Democracy"

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OCTOBER 16, 1918

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DEDICATION

To the Red Cross this book we dedicate,
The ministering angels who consecrate
Their noble lives in a most holy cause,
Sustain God's sacred and sublimest laws.

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FOREWORD

"Your poems are splendid. I believe that right now is the most propitious time you could possibly ever have for the publication of your poems. I believe they would sell like wildfire if properly advertised and published. The political situation is great for your advantage.

"(Signed)

"Mrs. May Dixon Thacker.

"Norfolk, Va."

(Mrs. Thacker is a sister of Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "Leopard Spots," etc.; herself author of the "Strength of the Weak.")

World War Poems

THE DREAM OF PEACE

Hope at the Hague, expectant and serene,
Full sanguine th' golden sheaves of peace to glean,
Hears th' tempest blasts of war reverberate,
The rage of enmity inveterate,
Consumed the precious fruits of councils wise,
As tranquil peace thus fallen now bleeding lies.

But yesterday the world of sweet peace dreamed.
Resplendent as the crescent rainbow seemed
The glory, like a halo circling th' brow
Of fair The Hague, prismatic, shedding now
In radiance divine its golden light,
Dispelling th' clouds of war, the inky night,
The fane of peace with ruby light ablaze,
The splendor mirrored on the sombre haze,
As love the orb bathes with its soft, golden glow,
A love flame streaming on the world's sorrow—
Conceit alone of fancy, empty dream,
Auroralike, now fades, leaves not a gleam.

TO WOODROW WILSON

Wise head of our pacific, noble State,
  Whose spirit kindred claims with all mankind,
O bravely bare thyself to passion's hate,
  And breast the storm of rage and anger blind.
Self-poised, unmoved by the fury of the hour,
For peace with honor be, its strength, its tower.
  The ship of State thus guided will hav'n find
From the clouds that menace and the storms that lower.

They noblest are, the bravest of the brave,
  Who th' passions of the day shall calm, subdue,
And from the scourge of war their country save.
  They are the heroes, they, the tried and true,
O, thou brave soul, peace to thy country give,
So shine thy name shall, in all ages live.

A tribute just 'bove once did seem,
But th' sequel proved 't a poet's dream.

THE KAISER'S WAR

A shambles Europe is and drenched with blood,
A crimson torrent, stemless, horrid flood.
From the channel onward to the Danube blue
The hellish slaughter spreads this carmine hue.

The crimes nefarious would make Huns blush,
All Alaric's deeds pale, his defamers hush,
When the horrors of this conflict are exposed,
Compared with those of Goths and Huns disclosed.

The ferocities of cruel Timour fade
Beside the awful crimes on Teutons laid.
In the prime, meridian, of his Tartar glory,
Ne'er was his sword so red, his hands so gory.

For Tartar savagery was zephyrs sweet
Beside the storms that on Europa beat.
Cathedrals, ancient, world-famed, are struck down,
Their ruins on th' orb so doleful now dark frown.

Historic monuments by Teutons razed,
As nations angry stood aghast, amazed,
And architecture, noble and sublime,
That well has stood the ravages of time.

As ages standing watchful sentinel
Assaults on the sacred monuments repel,
With matchless works of art the world so prized,
The Teuton hosts in heated ire despised.

The Vandals holy temples have profaned
And from no sacrilege of shame refrained.
Of the art treasures rare but naught remains
Save mem'ry that the Teuton name so stains.

For Vandalism use, then, a harsher noun;
'Tis Teutonism now wears the fiendish crown.

For this world war so horrid who's to blame?
The burden who must bear, the awful shame?
Imperial ambition it incited,
The world's opinion the Kaiser has indicted.

Great War Lord proud, what hast thou now to say,
When this grave crime on thee alone we lay?
From thy lips royal but one little word
Would the nation's from these horrors have deterred.
Why didst thou not speak, if thou peace didst will,
And thus have stayed the storm thy voice could still?

But no! like Caesar, blood thy hands doth stain,
With myriads of fathers, husbands slain,
And orphans, mothers, too, bereft to mourn
For loved ones from their bosoms sadly torn.

The hero's crimson sword thus claimed thy eye,
Not pity, orphans' tears, or widows' sigh.

A trail of carnage marks thy army's path,
Exacting toll of Teuton anger, wrath.
The blood of millions cries out 'gainst thy throne,
Though deaf to pity is thy heart of stone.

Thou Caesar, Bonaparte didst try to ape,
The awful penalty thou canst escape.

The Entente triple destined is to win;
Prepare, War Lord, to answer for thy sin.
The world imputes to thee this horrid war,
Thy name we hate, thy principles abhor.

The retribution thou shalt have to make
Will humble thee, proud Lord, thy throne will shake,
Though lucky, if escape thou with thy head
From the wrath of subjects whom thou hast misled.

PRUSSIAN MILITARISM

The claim how shallow, hollow the pretense
That Teutons fight in Fatherland's defense!
A war-state Prussia is, has ever been,
With margrave, tyrant, king divine hedged in.
A petty prince, upstart, ruled and bore sway
When Prussia born first saw the light of day.
Contemned, despised by monarchs of his time,
Aspired he to the honor regal, prime.

Sarmatia's king bestowed on him a crown,
Believing it would add to his renown.
The century had not then passed away
When Poland rued the gift of th' hapless day
That ushered in the maiden kingdom proud,
That friendship pure, allegiance had vowed
To Poland and to Poland's king forsworn,
Ere Prussia's king the regal crown had worn.
An ingrate king th' crown tore from Stan'slaus' brow
And Frederick dismembered Poland now.

From petty margrave to the Kaiser great
Th' mailed hand has ruled e'er since the Prussian state.
Of Frederick Second, greatest of their kings,
The epic poets praises lofty sing.
His feats of prowess were, indeed, so rare,
Whose genius vict'ry oft snatched from despair.
He Prussia raised to power, high estate,
An exploit dazzling, grand to consummate.
In Prussian annals lofty, glorious name
Enshrined in Teuton hearts, sublime his fame!

A hero national, though dead, he lives;
The Teuton heart and hope his spirit gives.
Exemplar, his ideals sway their minds
And Fred'rick's soul of all their aims, designs.
'Tis Frederick the Great, then, who now wars;
Inspired his spirit the horrors th' world abhors.

Revived is Frederick in Bernhardi;
He lives and moves incarnate in Neischke.
He breathes in Wilhelm, proud War Lord of the Rhine,
Inspires them all with but one aim, design.
The world, I swear, must yield to Me and God,
The world endure my sway and bear my rod.

If this be Teuton "kultur" to applaud,
The lofty state the noble should praise and laud;
If Teuton virtues must thus live to shine,
Must be baptized in crimson and in brine,
What, then, would barbarism we dub and call,
If all these horrid crimes do not appall?

Yet not all Germans blame for this war's crimes.
The spirit 'tis of th' few and other times.
The masses rule not in the Fatherland,
But th' military caste, the strong mailed hand.
The many follow blindly th' lead of th' few,
As in all lands of th' world we know they do.

Behind the Kaiser is the wealth and th' pow'r,
The might of th' nation, th' empire's strength and flower.
The Kaiser's worshiped as a demi-god,
A host is ready at his beck and nod.

Like Ephrahim they to their idol are wed,
Their blood for th' empire, Kaiser, would they shed.
Seduced, misled by wiles, the dupes of th' few—
O pity them, who know not what they do!

Two streams of thought in counter currents run,
One's crystal waters sparkling in the sun,
A silv'ry tide that onward smoothly flows,
With hope of peace from war and all its woes;
The other current—crimson, rough and swift—
Speeds on its savage course without a rift.

Two Germanys there are, the one of peace,
That would from war and war's alarms release
The struggling nations of the world today
And blaze for them a tranquil, happy way;
The other one of war and the mailed hand,
That would subdue and conquer ev'ry land;
A world-wide empire would found and create
The military caste supreme in state.
The Kaiser autocrat in th' sun would be,
Proud lord, world conqueror and hero he.

Two spirits wrestle, seek the mastery;
'Tis Corsica contends 'gainst Calvary.
Beethoven, Schiller, noble names,
Inspired the spirit of love's heav'nly aims;
The music of their souls with rapture swelled,
For in their hearts true love and kindness dwelled.
The noble virtues all they inculcate,
Not lust of pow'r and sway so insatiate.
From their pure, classic metre sunbeams radiate,
No shadows come of woe and cruel hate.

Two powers struggle for supremacy;
For Light and Darkness seek the primacy.
The one the world in peace's bands would wed
And o'er it a transcendent glory shed;
The other would the peace bands tear in shreds,
Naught left but tattered remnants, worthless threads.
Its wicked lust the blood of saints would spill,
The world with woe and sorrow deep would fill;
Would banish from the globe peace's golden hope.
Jehovah, in Thy mercy save Europe!
The martial spirit wrought has all this blight;
O God, dispel the gloom, let in the light!

The gentle spirits the Iron Chanc'llor smote
And o'er their tombs these flaming words he wrote:
"The shades of Goethe, Heine, and all the rest,
Shall not my cherished policies molest.
Go to, ye leaders of pure, noble thought.
An empire strong, of blood and iron, I've wrought."
The quiet spirits vanish into air,
Ensue the dark and bloody days of d'spair.

Great Goethe chants his themes divine no more,
And Mozart, Schiller, mute, no longer pour
Out on a disenchanted race their souls'
Sweet music that enraptures as it rolls.
The heav'n born spirits that move, that enchant,
Are dumb to th' race that must at last recant;
Forget the noble Goethe's muse of yore,
Forget the bards of old they should adore,
Forget the true, the noble and the pure,
And love's sweet spirit banish or immure.

Entranced by war's bewitching harlot charms,
Its woeful spell, its frantic, wild alarms,
They reckless rush into the carnage dread;
For th' dart true to their hearts has swiftly sped,
Precipitated into th' crimson sea;
For hell-born war is her grim progeny.

BELGIAN CHIVALRY AND HONOR

Now, Belgium, neutral and at peace with th' world,
A hostile banner sudden sees unfurled;
Unfurled on soil secure by solemn plight,
Inviolate, else might, indeed, makes right.

When 'gainst this breach of her neutrality,
The Belgians deemed a reality,
Protests she now in stainless honor's name,
A solemn farce the Teutons it proclaim;
The Teuton color shamelessly they still unfurl,
Defiance brazen contemptuously hurl
At Belgium true, whose honor would they smirch,
If only on her shameless banner perch
Would vict'ry, honor trailing in the dust,
The victim of ambition, hellish lust.

The precepts of Bernhardi have full sway;
They regnant rule the German mind this day.
The principles of th' military cast
Fruition find, fulfillment here at last.

A solemn treaty is but gossamer,
That from oppression, wrong, does not deter;
Of no vitality, significance
Against ambition's pow'r and arrogance;
Such treaty, but a scrap of paper, null,
The nations to deceive, their fears to lull,
Their sacred honor and their solemn pledge
Of no avail against the sword's keen edge;
Negotiations' fruits and solemn pacts
Of no importance viewed, dissolve like wax.

When Teuton fury would not now relent,
The unprovoked assaults the Belgians resent.
Their breasts they bravely bare for their dear land
To Teuton barbarism and its mailed hand.
A just and holy war they nobly wage
For sacred honor, th' purest of the age.

As th' mighty hosts in battle now contend,
Heroic Belgium, the allies' Godsend,
To Gallic treasures and rich Paris
The way triumphant and its golden key,
Athwart the path of Teuton lust she hurls
Herself, the oriflamme unfurls
And freedom's banner raises high o'er all,
As Belgians faithful heed their country's call.

Brave Belgium bears th' brunt of this strife so fell
With valor, fortitude no tongue can tell.
As now her cities th' mighty hosts invest,
Her heroism transcendent is at th' crest.
No feats of chivalry her deeds eclipse,
Surpassing far bards' praise or gifted lips'
Encomiums pronounced in senates proud
And panegyrics answered long and loud,
The plaudits, th' multitudes' wild cheers, acclaim
That greet the victors of exalted fame.

Great Caesar said of them in his own time
These words so laudatory, so sublime,
That with their valor rhythmic blend and chime:
("*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae.*"
"Of all, the Belgians the bravest are.")

Nor have the ages outshone their star.
Their ancient valor still they prize, esteem,
A precious treasure, priceless it would seem.

The Teuton legions now are at their gates,
As on the Belgians grimly frown the fates.
Machine guns roar and tons of shot and shell
For doomed Liege sound doleful her death-knell.
These patriots fight bravely, but in vain,
For country, home and hearth and holy fane.
Yet not in vain will all be, should we say,
When hist'ry's blazoned with the feats of th' day.

The blood of Belgians brave does freely flow,
As burnished are th' heavens with the scarlet glow
Of bursting shells and death-machines galore,
When miltrailleuses thunder, cannon roar.
The carnage strews the trenches with the dead;
The fields are dyed with blood, with crimson red.
The moans and shrieks of th' dying fill the air,
In pain and agony, in deep despair.
As myriads in th' bloody conflict fall,
Aghast stands th' world, its horrors so appall.
Though Teutons victory so dear have won,
Another, and, like Pyrrhus, they're undone.

The Belgians who fall this fateful day
Fidelity's and honor's pen'lty pay:
More precious honor was than life to them;
For honor dying, death they spurn, contemn.

Though widows sad and tearful orphans mourn
The deaths of th' loved ones from their bosoms torn;
Though broken hearts and cries of grief profound
Th' air fill with th' melancholy, doleful sound,
One gleam may yet grief's darkness penetrate
And o'er the gloom a rainbow glow create;
One solace yet their sorrow may assuage,
To know those heroes'll live in ev'ry age.

BELGIUM, NIOBE OF NATIONS

O Belgium, Niobe of Nations, bowed
Low in dejection, poignant grief, that shrouds
With melancholy thee this tragic hour,
Of sons thy noblest sad bereft, thy flower,
Thou weep'st for noble sons, heroic dead,
Shed'st copious tears, will not be comforted.

Thou weep'st in anguish, in dark weeds forlorn,
For sons devoted, thy noblest born.
Libation of their life they gave
For thee from Teuton wrath to save.
Thou pin'st for children exiled, far away;
Oppression's cruel hand they could not stay.

In strange lands wander they now far from thee,
The wards of pity and of charity.
They wistfully look towards their fatherland
As though forsaken, marooned on foreign strand.
Their country's sorrows they forget can not.
A day of reckoning will come, I wot.
Though on a foreign shore they pine and sigh,
Come will indemnity's day, by and by.

THE KAISER'S BLASPHEMOUS DEFIANCE OF THE DEITY

Dear Gott:—Blease listen now to me und gif me ear,
For Kaiser Vilhelm speaks—your friendt so drue und dear.
Gif me your whole adtention; lo! I'm der Kaiser, see?
It is important both to me und Choiminey.

I'fe been your friendt you know so faithful, drue till now,
Through all der years to you your dearest friendt, I vow.
'Tis drue dat in der honors von I took der lion's share,
But dees vas jhust mein dues for victories so rare.
But you I gif your jhust part of der glory, braise;
For you vill findt your liege-lord Vilhelm drue alvays.

Jhust dees ding now I ask of you, jhust dees, no more,
To help me in mein droubles as you haf done before.
Friendt Gott, vat I ask of you is do dees for me:
Help me to drif mein enemies into der sea.
Eef dees you'll do, I vill ask nodings more,
Und you'll be King of Heaven und I its Emperor.

Der defil eest mein servant; he's mein vassal drue,
He honors me, his liege-lord; mein reign he doos not rue.
I kindtly let him rule in hades, reigning prince,
He proved to me his worth und loyalty long since.
His kingdom flourishes und vaxes grheat und strong,
In jhust von year to eet I added quite a throng.
Dear Gott, eef you vill be as drue, I vill not comblain,
In peace und quiet long in Heaven I'll let you reign.

But say, dear Gott, dees aid to me you must send quick,
Or else dose fierce barbarians I cannot lick;
Eef now dees leetle favor you'll grandt, I'll be gladt,
But eef you don't, I vill by Heaven be damned madt.
Eef dees you'll do, I den'll tank you und all vill be vell,
But eef you durn mein offer down, I'll gif you hell.
I vill mein own blase prober haf in der golten sun,
For I am Gott, und you're but mein anointed von.

So four und twendty hours to answer gif I vill
To send dat aid, your duty to me to fulfill;
Eef by dat time you come not to mein help, I swear,
Be damned eef I don't vage hell of a var in d' air.
I'll send mein zeppelin fleet over der big sun,
You bet your damned life I'll haf worlds, yes, worlds
    o' fun;
I'll storm der ramparts of der Heaven itself, I know,
Eets mighty hosts I humble vill und overthrow.

Mein friendt, I varn you 'gain to send me dat aid.
A new king else by Kaiser shall be madt
In Choiminey to rule der Heavens, a druer son,
Be damned eef I'll let you rule, you son of a gun.
So dees mein ultimatum ees to you. I swear
Eef you aid send not, I der krown from your heat vill tear.

Der Kaiser asks der Krown Printz hees advice to heem,
He ses such var isn't vise; too greadt der odds t'would seem.
Der Kaiser hits der taple mit hees mighty fist,
He ses: "Mit ease whip der bear I can, der lion's tail
    can twist."
His tail I'f often twisted and often heard him roar,
But rotted his teeth all are and his claws all sore;

He's but a sea-lion, anyhow, vill not fight on landt,
Before mein mighty armies cannot make a standt.
I am der Alexander of der eart to-day,
Und eef, mein son, I vant to lick der vorldt, I may.
The lion as gently roars as any suckling dove,
He knows der Kaiser is der Emp'ror from above.

But vat ees Chorg to me, der leetle sea-isle king!
Mein submarines vill vanquish, to hees knees vill bring
Der leetle Chorg of England, who tinks he's a king;
Ven mein fleet of huge zeppelins make dat English raidt,
Der Brittons vill swear dat hell in Choiminey vas madt.
Und leetle Chorg of England, vat vill he den tink,
Ven all hees sheeps in der briny ocean deep I sink?
Vor ven mein submarines a sheep does hit, geplunk!
Eet goes to der bottom of der sea. Its vorse dan jhunk.
Chorg'll wring his handts in terror at hees awful loss,
He'll know dat Vilhelm Emperor ees and hees boss.

Ven mein greadt Krupp-guns, howitzers, too, I unlimber
Der Russian bear he'll take to der woods und der tall
timber,
Der leetle tzar, who sits now on der Romanoff trone,
Hees krown I'll vear und hees greadt empire I vill own.

Dose Frenchmen, shuh! I say. Before der endt of Zhuly
Mein soltgers vill in Paris be a eatin' pie.
In Paris vill you hear mein soltgers' hearty cheer,
As dey to Deutschland's health trink cognac in die
Riviera.
Hoosht vill die strains be of die French air Marseillaise:
To Deutschland's lovedt Die Wacht am Rhein eet moost
gif vay.

THE KAISER'S TRIUMPH

Now, when my armies land in England she will quake,
From th' Severn to the Thames, the kingdom I will shake.
From bonny Scotland o'er the sea to th' island green
All Britain will feel my wrath, my gleaming sword so keen.

Surrender London will that glorious hour,
And honors divine on me my soldiers will then shower.
The keys of London the Lord Mayor will present to me,
As th' World Metropolis surrenders formally.

His sword contemptuously refuse I from Gen. French,
Not for his gallantry, but as a putrid stench.
A captain I bid to take th' foul blade and break in twain,
To show that on all Britain I look with proud disdain.

The nobles all uncovered will stream out me to greet,
In triumph I will march through Lombard and Fleet street.
George will bow low when I leap from my automobile,
A humble address he will present—degrading "spiel."

I'll march to parliament when my entry I make,
I'll hoist the German flag and Britain I will take;
From th' steps of th' capitol a new empire I'll proclaim
Mid th' plaudits of my soldiers, mid their wild acclaim.
Von Hindenberg I call, place on his head a crown;
The soldiers all cry: "Long live Deutschland, with Britain
down!"

OUR FLAG

Your flag, my flag, the flag of ev'ry one,
The fairest flag beneath the shining sun;
Your flag, my flag, it floats in ev'ry breeze,
Waves proudly far away on th' distant seas.

Th' torn flag, the tattered flag, war-worn though 't be,
Your flag, my flag, the flag of liberty;
Though faded are th' stripes, more lustrous still they seem,
And th' stars in th' blue more brilliant yet they gleam.

Your country's flag, my country's flag, it waves
O'er th' Pilgrims' land and o'er their silent graves;
And o'er the Cavaliers a dirge th' wind chants,
As freedom's flag salutes their gallant lance.

Long have they lain in the still mother earth,
Whose valor gave the flag its noble birth;
Old Glory still is sentinel o'er th' dust
Of th' heroes who died for a cause so just.

Your flag, my flag, each sky-born star and stripe,
No one from it a single star shall wipe;
The stars shall gleam, th' stripes blaze on ev'ry hand
And light with freedom each and ev'ry land.

Your flag, my flag, wherever it may wave,
The hero's breast is bared, and patriots brave,
For your flag and my flag, our country's flag,
Will fight with courage that shall never lag.

Our flag, our father's flag, the flag renowned,
Whose panegyrics 'round the world resound;
Th' rich man's flag, th' poor man's flag, th' flag of th'
humblest born,
O love th' flag, O kiss th' flag, th' flag th' stars adorn!

EDITH CAVELL

She met her fate calm and serene:
  In th' shadow of death stood
And not a tremor could be seen—
  Heroic womanhood.

'T was early morn. The pale moon shone—
  Th' moon of her childhood days,
That shone in England, England's own,
  The orb that lights her ways.

To England turns her heart this hour,
  Forgets she all her grief,
Sweet memories with all their pow'r
  Bring her sad soul relief.

A little flag to her is brought,
  She kissed it o'er and o'er;
"I count my life," she said, "but naught,
  If freedom 'twill restore."

A show'r of shot—then passed a soul
  As noble as e'er breathed th' air;
O heartless ones, of such a mold,
  What shame for you to bear!

She nursed your friends-in-arms, you know,
  Wiped loving th' fevered brow
Of many a one—a debt you owe—
  And must she suffer now?

For England flowed her life-blood free—
  And for humanity;
Her life she gave for her country—
  She gave for liberty.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

Our country's flag:
  The red, the white and blue;
How much it means to all,
  How much it means to you!
In ev'ry land and o'er
  The sea beyond afar
Our hearts all beat as one,
  True to each gleaming star.
The flag of the republic, th' banner of the free—
All hail the country's flag, the flag of liberty!

Our country's flag,
  Stripes white as the driven snow,
The white souls of our sires,
  Our fathers long ago;
Rose-red stripes, blood-red stripes,
  Blood of heroic veins,
From tarnish free and pure,
  Aloof from craven stains.
All hail th' republic's banner! Heroes died
That th' stars might ever gleam and freedom ever bide.

Our country's flag,
  How much to it we owe!
Who when our country calls
  Will say, unblushing, No!
Let traitors hide in shame,
  The mountains on them fall!
With infamy crown each
  Of them, crown one and all!
All hail our country's flag, the red and white and blue—
May all our sons be loyal; may they all be true!

AMERICAN BONDS, OR HUN BONDS?

American bonds or Hun bonds, which do you prefer?
Hun bonds 'twill be, unless you up and stir.
Pour out your dollars and pour out your dimes,
Knock hard the Huns for all their horrid crimes.
Back th' boys so brave; back them all good and right,
And let them know we all are in the fight.

Let us be faithful and let us be true;
For if we do our part, naught shall we rue.
Let not our deeds our words belie and mock;
The world let know we are of nobler stock.
Just as our sires, the patriots of old,
Let us be just as brave and just as bold.

The bonds are not a gift, but just a loan,
Seed in a fertile field that have been sown.
You'll reap a golden harvest, manyfold,
Far richer than Indian pearls or Klondike gold.
Your money and your country will you save,
If you back the boys in khaki brave.

What good will 't do you with a golden hoard,
If th' Huns come over and enjoy free board?
They'll plunder the country, live on the fat of th' lamb,
And all your treasures 'll not be worth a ——.
That heavy tribute th' Huns will then exact
Is the plain truth and the unvarnished fact.

They visit will your homes and rob and loot;
If you protest, the Huns you'll shoot.
Your pantries they will seek, take th' oldest ham;
Your hoard, I tell you, will not be worth a ——.
To th' officers you curt'sy must and bow;
To the Kaiser's underlings scrape and kow-tow.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

'Tis but a piece of cotton, star-jeweled, red and blue—
A yard or more of bunting—that, indeed, is true.
But 'tis the emblem of our free and happy State,
The patriot's flag, who bravely fought to make it great.
'Tis freedom's flag, unfurled on many a battlefield;
'Tis freedom's sacred banner, freedom's glorious shield.
For that pure emblem patriots have fought and bled;
Their precious blood each stripe it dyed a crimson red.

Chorus

Unfurl it in the breezes. Let its stars e'er shine!
Let it in glory wave your country o'er and mine!

Though soiled may be this ensign, coarse may be this flag,
And torn and tattered it seems but a worthless rag,
'Tis th' sacred banner to our fathers e'er so dear;
'Tis the flag that drapes our martyrs' and our heroes' bier.
Wherever 'tis unfurled, to all it freedom shows;
Each star a beacon radiant with freedom glows.
Hold high that banner, ne'er dishonored let it trail!
Let patriotism e'er live and freedom never fail!

The empire stars glow, glistening in th' azure blue;
The States are faithful, loyal; all our sons are true.
Firm as the stars that gleam in th' canopy above
So steadfast are those sons, undying flames their love;

For th' flag of freedom, dearest to them in all th' world,
Of all the banners fondest ever yet unfurled.
O honor the flag, our emblem, as our sires of old!
To it be loyal; for it be fearless and be bold!

Blood red, snow white, sky blue, high blue, tricolors glow,
Or kissed by zephyrs, tossed by storms, or waving low.
'Tis freedom's oriflamme, baptized in martyrs' blood—
Th' true blood, th' blue blood, they poured out in a crimson flood;
Th' true blood, th' blue blood of snow white souls, so nobly shed,
That were not awed by tyrants' frown or tyrants' dread.
The red th' blood shed; the white the right; the blue the true,
Dishonor those pure, noble, lofty souls ne'er knew.

The stars forever glisten in the azure field;
The orbs of empire gleam; to none in splendor yield.
In sunshine or in darkness they forever beam,
Forever shining, though we wake or though we dream,
Old Glory is our beacon, guides us the true way;
In sunshine or in shadows guides us night and day.
Kissed by sunbeams, stripes blush a rosy, crimson red;
A glorious halo round about o'er all is shed.

THE FLAG

The flag streams,
Each star gleams
On each hand
Or on land
Or on sea.
Flag of th' free,
Th' flag for me.

Flag of old,
Pure as gold,
Bathed in blood,
Holy flood;
Flag of th' sires
Th' world admires;
Flag of th' free,
Th' flag for me.

Free from stain,
Lust and gain;
Ever bright,
Gleaming light;
For th' right
Day and night;
Flag of th' free,
'S th' flag for me.

FAREWELL, MOTHER

Good-bye, dear mother, I must go,
It breaks my heart, dear mother, to leave you so;
But martial music hear I and the bugle sound,
And for the shores of France far 'way I'm bound.
I hear the crash of arms; I hear the cannon roar,
And for our fairest France my life blood I will pour,
To seal the bonds of liberty in our holy cause,
Uphold the ark of freedom and our noble laws.

Good-bye, dear mother, do not weep for me,
I'll fight for fair Columbia beyond the angry sea;
But, mother, I shall miss you in the silent night,
When in solitude I am lonely I'll miss your face so bright.
And far away from home I'll be forlorn,
Away from friends, the home where I was born;
But, mother, you I hope to see again;
I'll greet you with a loving kiss, dear, then.

THE FLAG

The flag—see it ripple in the breeze,
That proudly waves on lands and seas,
The fairest emblem yet unfurled,
To freedom guidon to all th' world.
Its stars aglist'ning in the blue;
Its stripes agleaming ever true;
The sacred banner of the free
Th' way blazes to sweet liberty.

JACK FAIR, THE HERO

Jack Fair a hero would he be,
His name praised both on land and sea,
All other heroes would outdo,
A Hercules, indeed, for you.

A martial music once heard he;
He opened the door and looked to see.
An army marched with rhythmic tread
Down th' street, by a tall captain led,
His cap as big as a beer keg,
His gilded staff long as his leg.

Now Jack's ambition saw a chance,
Too big became Jack for his pants;
He joined the colors that same day—
A hero he without delay.

Jack soon had his baptism of fire,
Before the foe they must retire.
Assailed from th' breastworks they
  march out,
But Jack's retreat becomes a rout.

At the first shot, Jack Fair, he fled—
A ball couldn't catch him, it was said;
At the first fire took to his heels,
Ran like an auto on four wheels.
The captain used a glass to see,
But Jack was running still, was he.

The way Jack ran his first great heat
Old Maud S. never could 'a beat.
Well, Jack ne'er stopped, but ran and ran
Faster than he did when he began.

Jack still is running, ne'er has stopped;
A hero once, he now has flopped;
And Jack, they say, is running still,
Of war has had more than his fill.

Said Pat to Mike, the new recruit:
"Have some juice of th' forbidden fruit."
Says Mike: "I'll go straight to Berlin;
I'll not go there a stagg'ring in."

GOD SAVE OUR SONS

God save our sons in bleeding France!
Guard them with all thy vigilance;
Thy angels near them ever be,
From sin and harm, O keep them free.
Bring them home safe from France afar
To ev'ry home that has a star.

Our Sons O'er There,
In France Somewhere.

Our brave boys are now over there,
In far-off France today, somewhere.
Home left they, friends and native land,
For freedom they heroic stand.
Let's shoulder th' burdens we should bear;
Their valor's fruits we all shall share.

Our sons are battling over there;
They're battling now in France somewhere.
On th' Somme, on th' Marne, they vigil keep,
Where heroes died and heroes sleep.
Let us be faithful as they are,
True to our sons as the North Star.

For freedom fight our sons o'er there,
For freedom fight in France somewhere.
The sword ne'er will our sons e'er sheathe
Till in the world it's safe to breathe.
So let us do our little bit
To make the world to live in fit.

Our sons are fighting over there,
Are fighting in fair France somewhere;
Wherever they fight they'll show their steel,
The brutal Huns their vengeance feel.
So let us, then, in this dark hour
For freedom do all in our power.

Our sons are fighting over there
In th' land of LaFayette, somewhere;
Their valor will them glorify.
Th' Hun host from Hell they will defy;
And freedom's call we all should hark,
Defend its precious, holy ark.

Our sons are fighting over there
In the land of Jeanne d'Arc, somewhere.
Their chivalry will lustrous shine
Within the shadow of her shrine.
Shall we, then, lose all courage, heart,
And fail to do our humble part?

Our sons are fighting over there;
With th' allies they fight in France somewhere.
No braver sons e'er faced a foe,
And o'er the top I know they'll go.
Shall we downcast be and dismayed
When they such courage have displayed?

Our sons are fighting over there
In France, Charles Martel's land, somewhere.
They fight as brave as he at Tour,
That for th' world freedom may endure.
O let us our brave boys sustain,
That peace may triumph, ever reign.

Our sons are fighting over there,
Where Charlemagne reigned, in France somewhere.
Though dark clouds hover thick and low,
They see beyond the fair rainbow.
As o'er the top they look beyond,
So we should hope and not despond.

Our sons are fighting over there
On th' crimson soil of France somewhere;
The toils of war they must endure,
The rights of freemen to insure.
When they give all, should we complain?
Let us from murmurs cease, abstain.

Our sons are fighting over there;
They offer up in France somewhere
Their noble lives to make us free,
Secure for us our liberty.
The slacker brand with lasting shame;
Accursed be his race and name.

Our sons are fighting over there
Where Bayard fell, in France somewhere;
There chevaliers once measured lance,
Our sons as valiant fight in France.
O scorn and hate the profiteers
That batten on their blood and tears!

Our sons are fighting over there
In th' Land of th' Fleur de Lis, somewhere;
Where Caesar conquered long ago,
They'll vanquish, too, the hated foe;
One purpose runs, we must fulfill—
The brutal Huns all we must kill.

Our sons are fighting over there
Near th' Field of th' Cloth of Gold, somewhere.
Where Henry VIII and Francis met.
Those sons will show their mettle yet;
While they behind the guns thus stand,
Who falter will in all our land?

Our sons are fighting over there
Where fell the Bastile, in France somewhere;
They fight where Joffre the Huns drove back,
Devotion, courage never will they lack;
Back up our sons, back up our men,
And victory we shall win then.

THE ATONEMENT

What will atone for this world war,
The awful conflict we abhor?
For all the bloodshed who shall pay?
The flower of th' world slain; tell me, say!
What is the price of widows' tears
And orphans that our char'ty rears?
Who answer will for all these crimes,
Most awful of all ages, times?

Who sent those brutal Huns abroad,
Whose crimes imperial lords applaud?
The Zeppelins London to make howl,
With monstrous deeds so cruel, foul,
Destruction hurl down from the air,
To smite the Lion in his lair.
The innocent alone they hit,
Hurt not the enemy one bit.

They gorge with blood their hellish maw,
They trample in th' dust the sacred law.
They from no shameful crimes abstain,
In pious Wilhelm's holy reign.

We thought each age better grew,
Till we that Hohenzollern knew;
But now we know that we were wrong,
And hence must sing another song.
Before, we thought this age the best,
Beyond all other ages blessed,
But fancy was and vanished soon
In Kaiser Wilhelm's bloody moon.

His mailed hand sought, fought for the Day
Th' world must in blood and treasure pay.
All th' sorrows and th' tears of the globe
Are wrapped in his imperial robe.
This cruel tyrant's bloody hand
Woe has brought to each fairest land.

Beside him Nero was a saint
And ev'ry monster free from taint;
Of all he's th' first, the last, the worst,
By all, both God and men, accursed;
For all the woes he should atone,
Reap th' bloody harvest he has sown . .
May justice with this monster deal!
May he God's vengeance fully feel!

THE HOG VERSUS THE FARMER

The hog, indeed, was slandered when was said,
The farmer was a hog, as I have read.
God pity th' hog with such brand on his name!
Why place on th' hog such infamy and shame?
The hog should bring suit for a libel true,
And he would win the verdict to him due.

PROFITEERING

Throughout the country men now profiteer,
Colossal fortunes many greedy rear;
One shamelessly is robbed at ev'ry turn,
Th' despoilers craving what they do not earn.
E'en the khaki boys they plunder, rob just th' same,
Unblushing, without honor, without shame.
Th' poor widows and the orphans they ill fare,
For what do those highwaymen brutal care?
They worse are than the Kaiser, whom they curse;
Compared to th' Beast of Berlin they're much worse;
The garb of patriotism they wear's a sham,
Their boast of loyalty isn't worth a ——.

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THE BANE OF WEALTH

Wealth, power, prestige, th' trio, bear full sway,
Accumulating wealth makes States decay
And men degenerate; their virtues lose,
As paths of ease and luxury they choose.
The finer sensibilities are dulled,
And from man's life the gems of virtue culled.
To him is left naught but the worthless dross;
Mankind must bear the hard and grievous cross.

THE PATRIOTIC FARMER

The farmer busy is and works all day,
The War's a boon to him and makes it pay;
With acres myriads in golden wheat,
His patriotism sure can not be beat.
Not selfish is he, cares not for the gain,
His sole ambition's freedom to maintain;
Though he has prospered as none e'er before,
Still he would like to have a little more.
Two dollars and 'bove he gets for his wheat,
But he's afraid you're trying him to beat;
A good price he's giv'n for his oats and rye.
You say it is too high; he says: "You lie!"
'Tis true the price of corn's way 'bove par,
But what he wants for 't would you surely jar.
As for hogs they soar high, way out of sight;
If you tell him they're too high, he wants to fight.
As for his clover, timothy and hay,
He is enjoying now his high hey-dey.
Not hoggish 's th' farmer, hoggish not at all,
All the good farmer wants 's all on this ball.
He would like to have Venus, Jupiter, too;
For you know he's a patriot through and through.
The farmer's brave, but rather would stay here,
Where wheat so high is and corn is so dear;
Fill his own pockets he'll to help th' Allies,
For th' money furnish them food and supplies.

Be not afraid—he'll back the Allies all right,
Because there's plenty of the pelf in sight;
He, patriotic, does not want the "mon,"
All wants he is to lick the hated Hun.

The farmer's not so green as you may think,
And when I note the fact I do not wink;
For when he sees it, he knows a good thing.
The War has brought him blessings on swift wing.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS AUTOCRACY

In mortal duel Titans two engage,
A mortal combat on the world's great stage;
Democracy contends for human right
'Gainst th' Powers Dark, against the Despot's might;
Against autocracy, that men enslaves;
That with the blood of myriads of men th' earth laves,
Whose lust of power, ambition, is so strong,
It teaches hatred's love and right is wrong.
Th' Allies contend for right, the right that's true,
Th' right that's eternal, right that is true blue;
For liberty, that's Nature's gift to ev'ry man,
On which no tyrant can place slavish ban.

No contest was so grave in any age
As th' struggle for humanity we wage.
To Magna Charta we must bid adieu,
If we to Wilhelm yield, accept his view;
Bow down in shame to him as Lord of All;
Ring Liberty's death knell, pronounce her fall.
The Declaration will be obsolete,
When we shall grovel at Wilhelm's feet;
Th' people then no longer will they reign,
But bear th' oppressor's iron yoke and chain.

Though th' war has gone on for four long years,
No end yet is to th' carnage, blood and tears.
But freedom priceless is and worth all th' blood,
If tyranny be drowned in th' crimson flood.
For freedom is a gem of th' purest ray;
More radiant 't shines to the perfect day.

'Tis worth all th' tears that mortals ever shed:
For what more than oppression can men dread?
Though fields may be strewn with th' heroic dead,
Who th' world to free their precious blood have shed,
Life is not worth the living, if we're slaves;
For freedom, happiness human'ty craves.

THE ILLUSION OF DEMOCRACY

While we boast proudly of democracy,
And fulminate against autocracy,
Much like the Pharisee of old we're prone
To think that we are holy, we alone.
We should not blind ourselves to the solemn truth,
That not this side the Rhine is all the ruth;
Abroad, beyond the sea is not all th' crime,
Small kaisers rear their heads in our own clime.
Though they have not the Kaiser's pow'r or brains,
To kaiserize they use their utmost pains.
The spirit of Berlin is rampant here;
Th' imperial voice of Potsdam echoes near.
For pampered wealth and privilege bear sway
And on th' despoiled people batten they and prey;
The people are plundered at most ev'ry turn,
Though th' Lords of Wealth here money have to burn.

O how much, indeed, smacks beaurocracy
Of old imperial autocracy!
Of kindred blood, the head an autocrat—
Such is our modern, upstart beaurocrat.
He absolute is in his own whole sphere,
And his employees trembling quake with fear.
In his own sphere the autocrat supreme,
The down-trodden clerk no hope has, not one gleam;
A hard taskmaster is this autocrat.
The fagged-out clerk, who knows, will tell you that.
Imperial Kaiser in his palmiest day
Was ne'er more absolute in his iron sway.

All things he measures with his own red tape;
The Kaiser and his imps he tries to ape.
God pity th' clerk who's under th' autocrat!
I verily say and on it stand pat.
His life is wretched; he has a hard time,
His path so rough is, never smooth as rhyme;
So heavy are the burdens that he bears,
So grievous are his toils, his onerous cares.
A heartless boss cares for him not one whit,
No sympathy for him has, not one bit.
Th' slave of a tyrant, under his iron rod,
The down-trodden clerk were better under th' sod.

Where is equality so boasted seen,
When serve he must a tyrant so hateful, mean?
The slave of th' autocrat is his hard lot,
Th' claim of democracy's all tommy-rot.

Democracy isn't a reality,
But 'tis a noble ideality.
It is a goal we all to reach should strive,
At which, howe'er, none can hope to arrive.
Bewitching, beautiful Democracy,
How much my heart yearns, fair one, for thee!
To see thy shining, radiant, sweet face,
With ecstacy thy noble form embrace!
I look, as one says: "Here's Democracy!"
Yet, 'tis but an illusion that I see,
For fear my eyes deceive, I look again,
With longing, wistful vision on th' scene, when
Lo! th' apparition vanishes, is gone!
And instead, behold a worthless pawn!

TO MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER, MARY MACK GUY AND LUCILE

Th' world tragedy and tragedy for me!
Grief-stricken, sad and downcast, in misery,
I mourn for my bosom spouse, no more,
And for a darling daughter tears I pour
In torrents out in my profoundest grief,
From sadness in this dark hour seek relief.

I miss you, darlings, more than tongue can tell,
And how downcast, with tears my eyes now well;
Farewell, my darling Mary and Lucile,
How deep my grief, how keen your loss I feel!

But th' mem'ry of your love will comfort me,
And to my dying hour th' sweet memory
Will in my recollection e'er be green,
My sadness gild with a bright, golden sheen.
I pay this tribute humble you of my love.
I hope worthy I shall be you above;
To meet and greet you in that blissful 'bode.
A crown of life on you I know's bestowed.

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